A Son Excellence Monsieur le baron de [illegible]

ÉTUDES

SUR

L'HISTOIRE ET LA GÉNÉALOGIE

DE QUELQUES-UNES

DES PRINCIPALES MAISONS SOUVERAINES

DE L'EUROPE

ET SPÉCIALEMENT

SUR LA GÉNÉALOGIE PATERNELLE ET MATERNELLE DE LEURS CHEFS ACTUELS

PAR

M. ERNEST LEHR

DOCTEUR EN DROIT, SECRÉTAIRE GÉNÉRAL DU CONSISTOIRE SUPÉRIEUR ET DU DIRECTOIRE
DE L'ÉGLISE DE LA CONFESSION D'AUGSBOURG EN FRANCE

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(Les planches devront être reliées en regard des pages 83, 96, 112, 169, 259, 293, 315)

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MARCHING ALONG

THE POPULAR

Army Song and Chorus

BY

WM. B. BRADBURY.

2½

NEW YORK
Published by FIRTH. POND & CO. *547 Broadway*

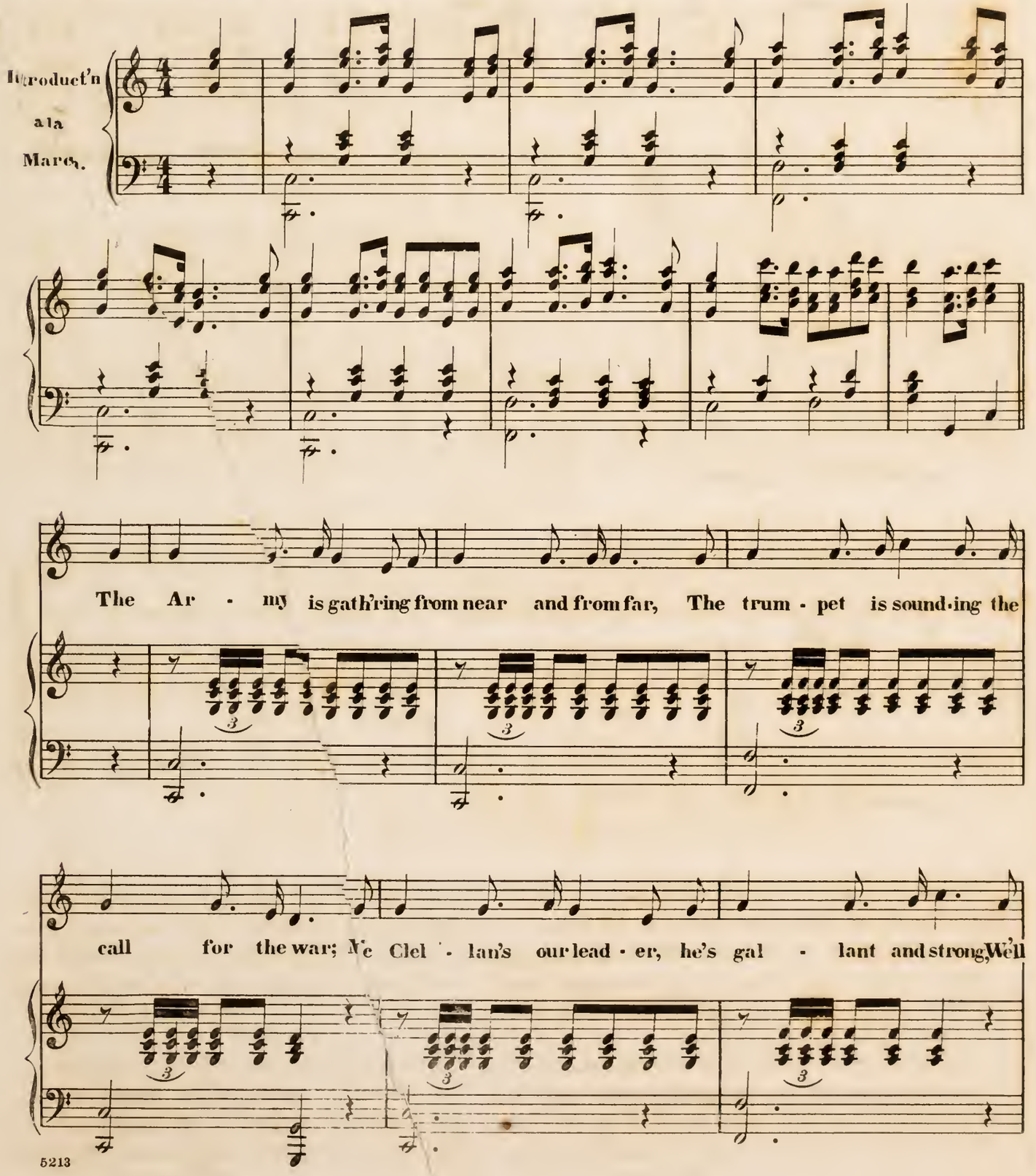
Boston. O DITSON & CO. *Cincinnati.* C.Y. FONDA. *Pittsburgh.* H. KLEBER & BRO.

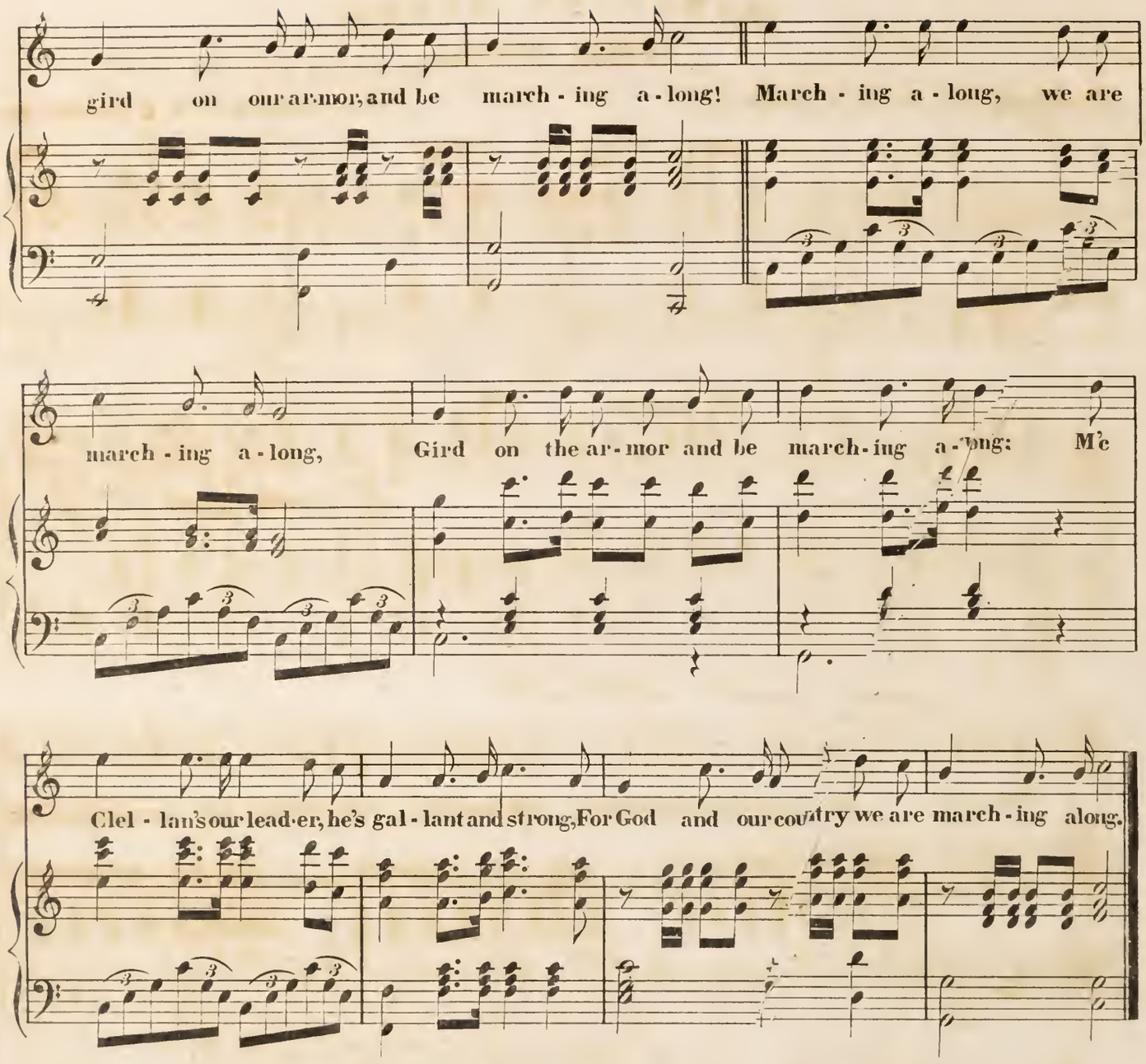
Entered according to Act of Congress, A. 1852 by Wm. B. Bradbury in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York

"MARCHING ALONG."

(ARMY SONG.)

Words adapted by Mrs M. A. KIDDER. Music composed by W. B. BRADBURY.





2

The foe is before us in battle array
But let us not waver, or turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song,
With courage and faith, we are marching along.

Marching along (&c.)

3

Our wives and our children we leave in your care,
We feel you will help them their sorrows to bear;
'Tis hard us to part, but we hope 'twont be long.
We'll keep up our hearts as we're marching along.

Marching along (&c.)

4

We sigh for our country, we mourn for our dead,
For them now, our last drop of blood we will shed;
Our cause is the right one — our foe's in the wrong,
Then gladly we'll sing as we're marching along.

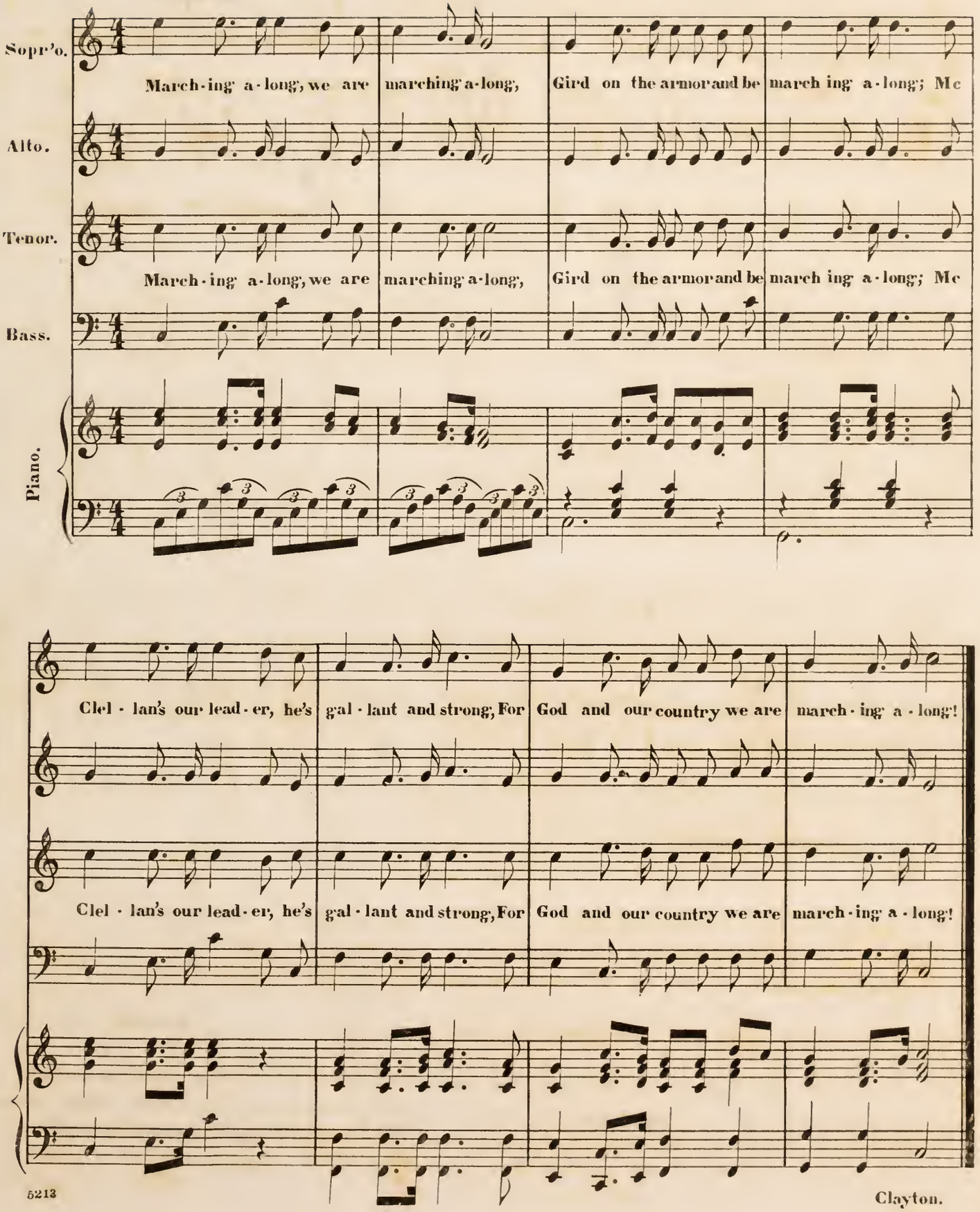
Marching along (&c.)

5

The Flag of our country is floating on high,
We'll stand by that Flag till we conquer or die;
McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong,
We'll gird on our armor, and be marching along.

Marching along (&c.)

CHORUS.


Sopr'o.
March-ing a-long, we are marching a-long, Gird on the armor and be march ing a-long; Mc
Alto.
Tenor.
March-ing a-long, we are marching a-long, Gird on the armor and be march ing a-long; Mc
Bass.
Piano.
Clel-lan's our lead-er, he's gal-lant and strong, For God and our country we are march-ing a-long!
Clel-lan's our lead-er, he's gal-lant and strong, For God and our country we are march-ing a-long!

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The Battle-Cry of Freedom.

SONG AND CHORUS

by GEO. F. ROOT.

CHICAGO:

PUBLISHED BY ROOT & CADY.

95 CLARK STREET.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Root & Cady, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Northern District of Illinois.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

(BATTLE SONG.)

I.

We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.—The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
For we're marching to the field boys, going to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!

II.

We will meet the rebel host, boys, with fearless heart and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.—The Union forever, etc.

III.

If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And our comrades brave shall hear us, as they go rushing past,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.—The Union forever. etc.

IV.

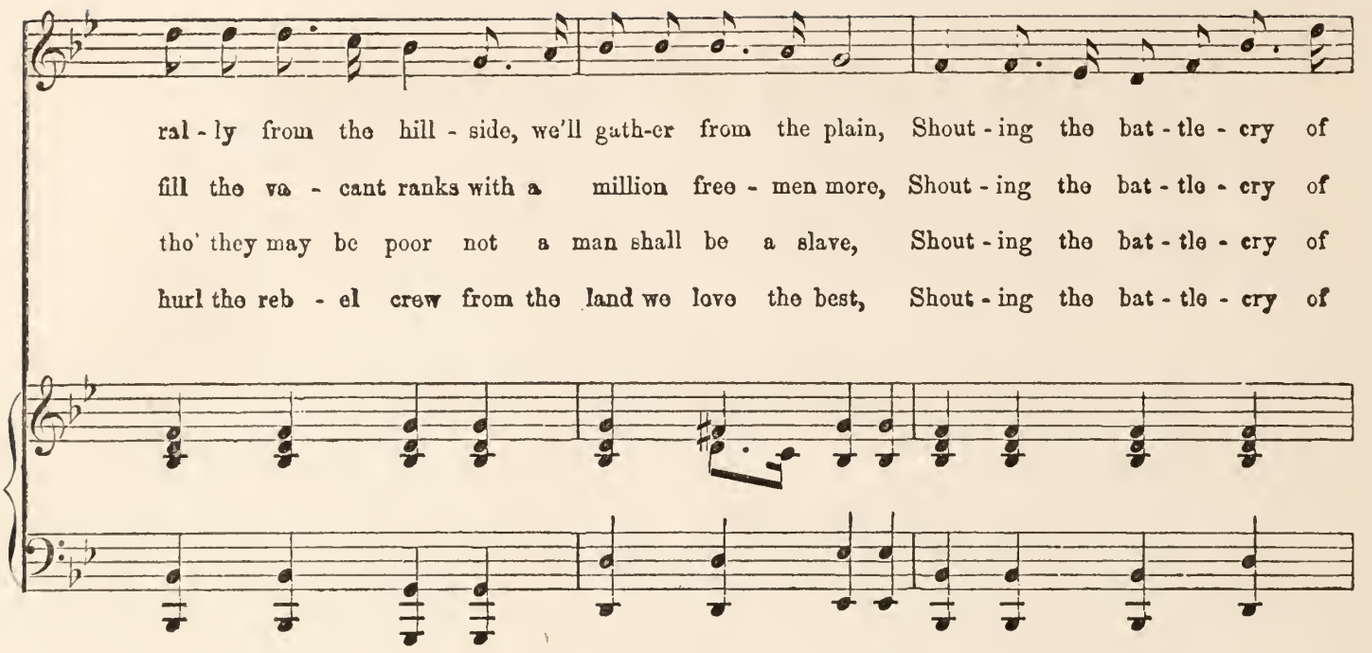
Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom,
And the vict'ry shall be ours, for we're rising in our might,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom.

CHORUS.—The Union forever, etc.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

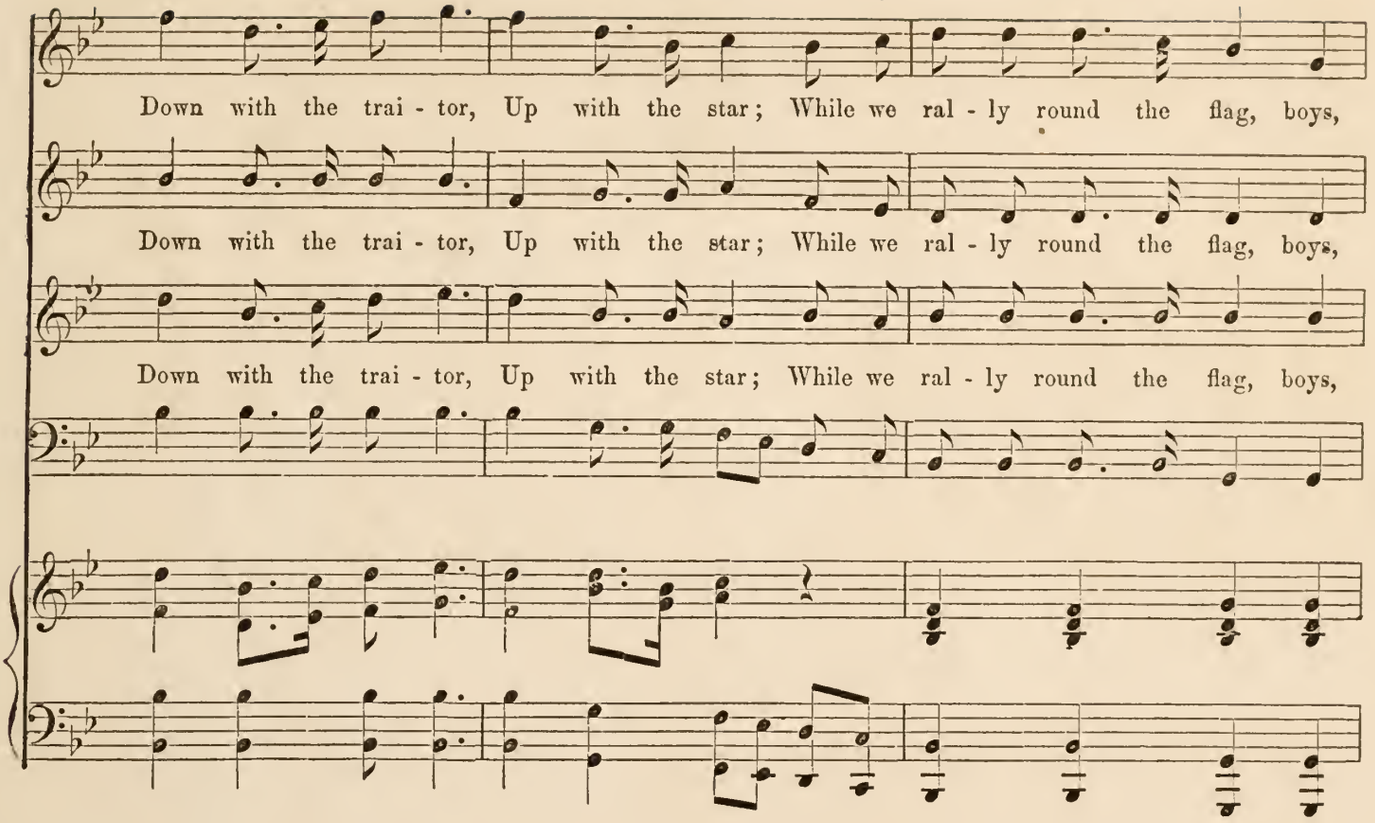
RALLYING SONG.

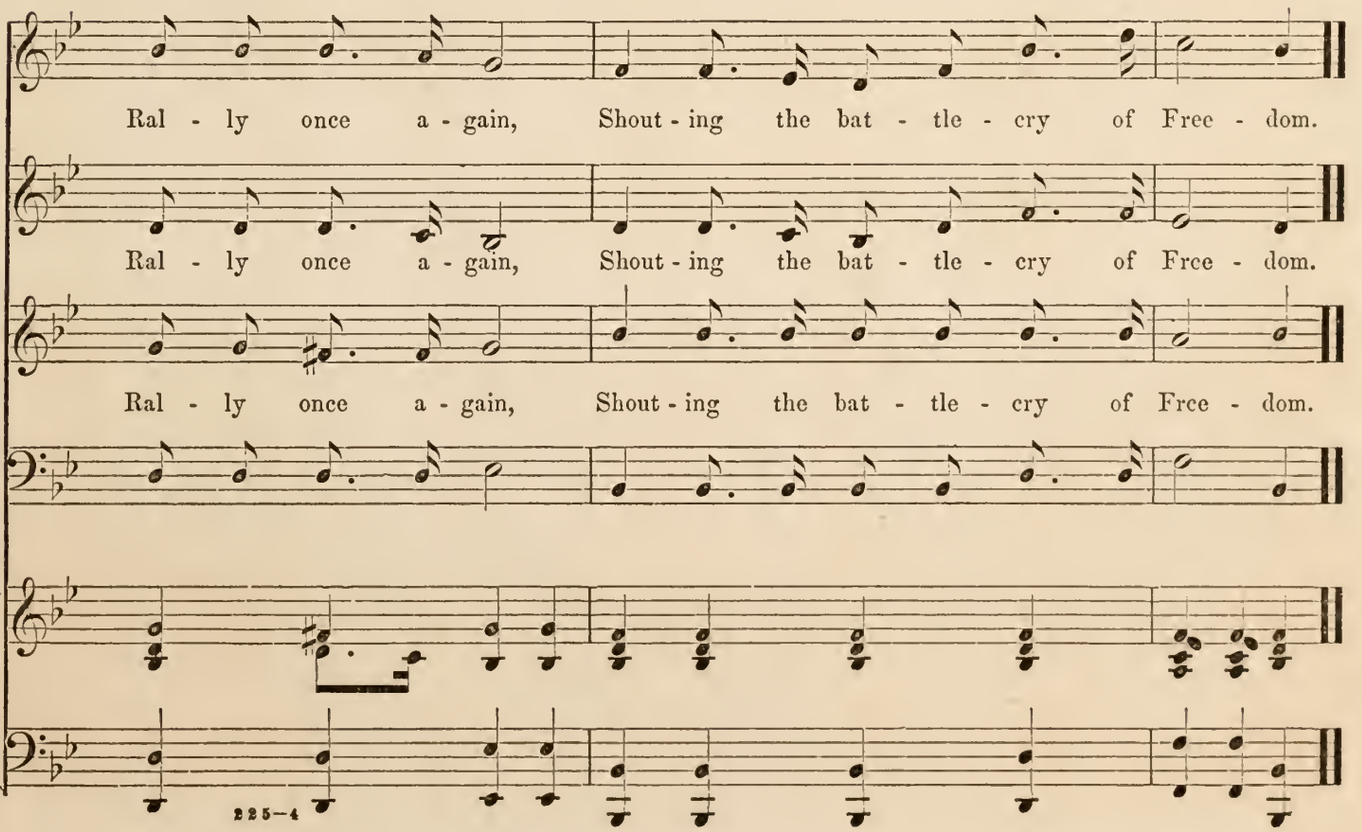
GEO. F. ROOT.

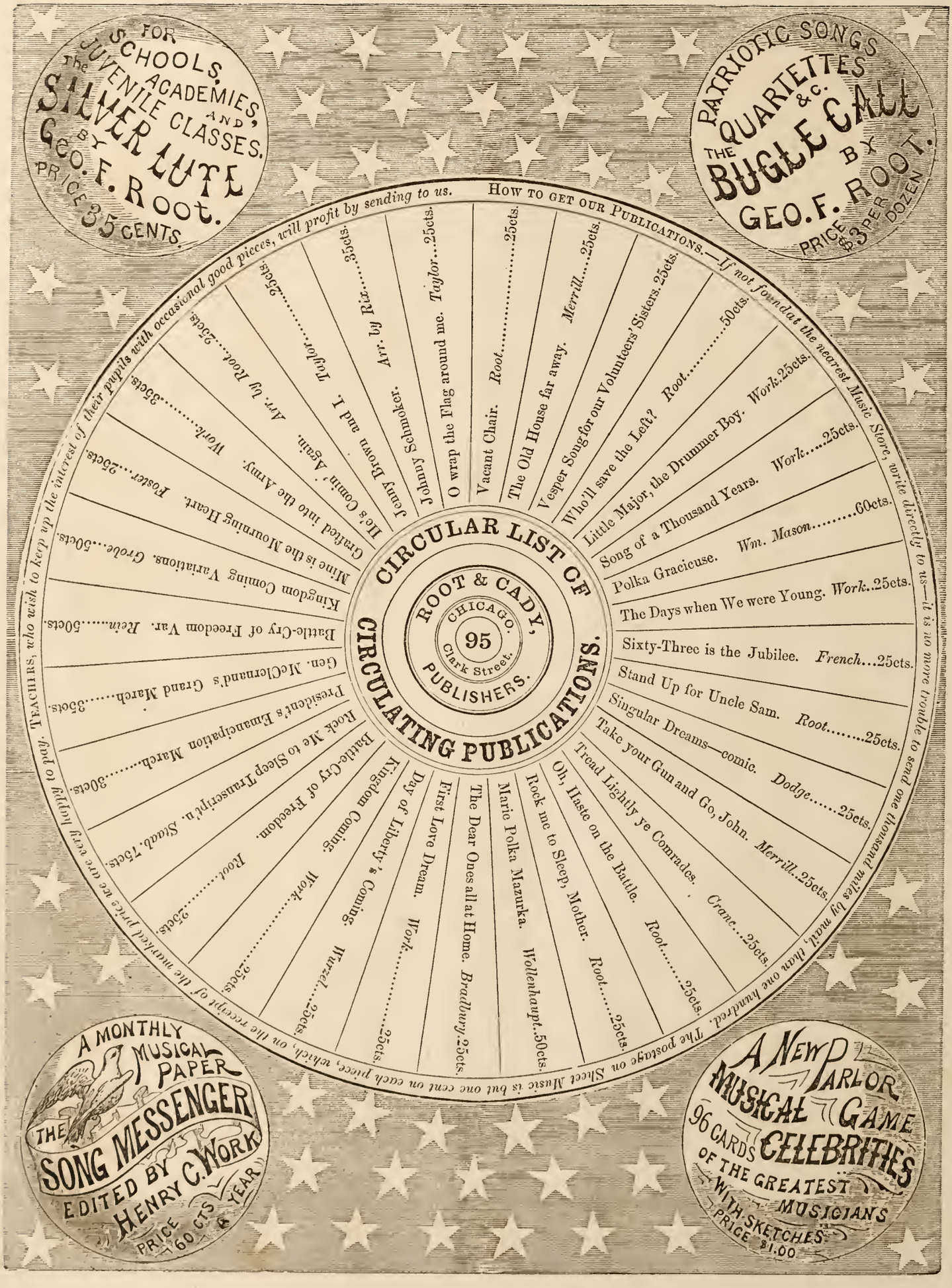


CHORUS.

Fortissimo.


Down with the trai - tor, Up with the star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,
Down with the trai - tor, Up with the star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,
Down with the trai - tor, Up with the star; While we ral - ly round the flag, boys,


Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
Ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom.
225—4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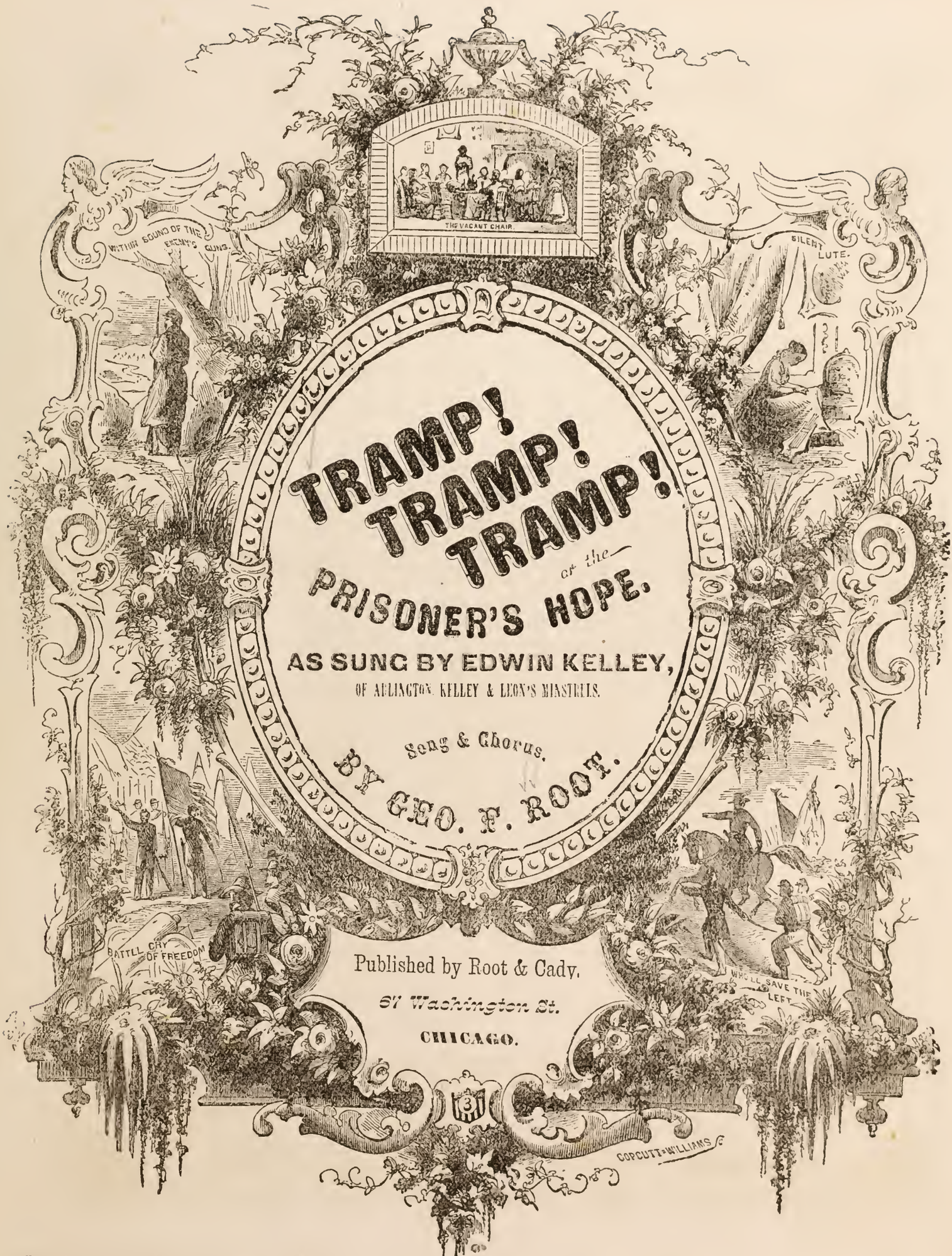

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or the

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BY GEO. F. ROOT.

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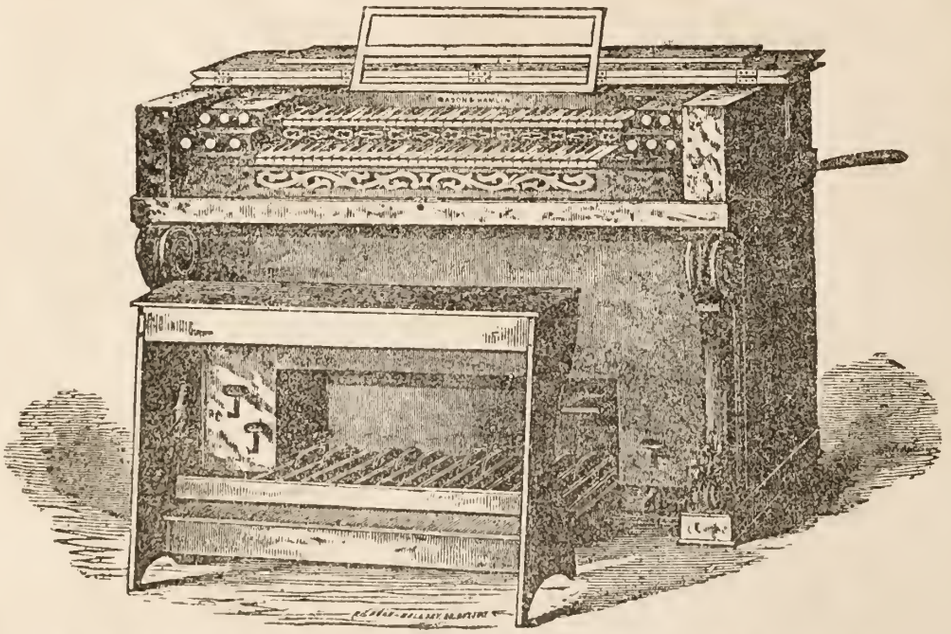

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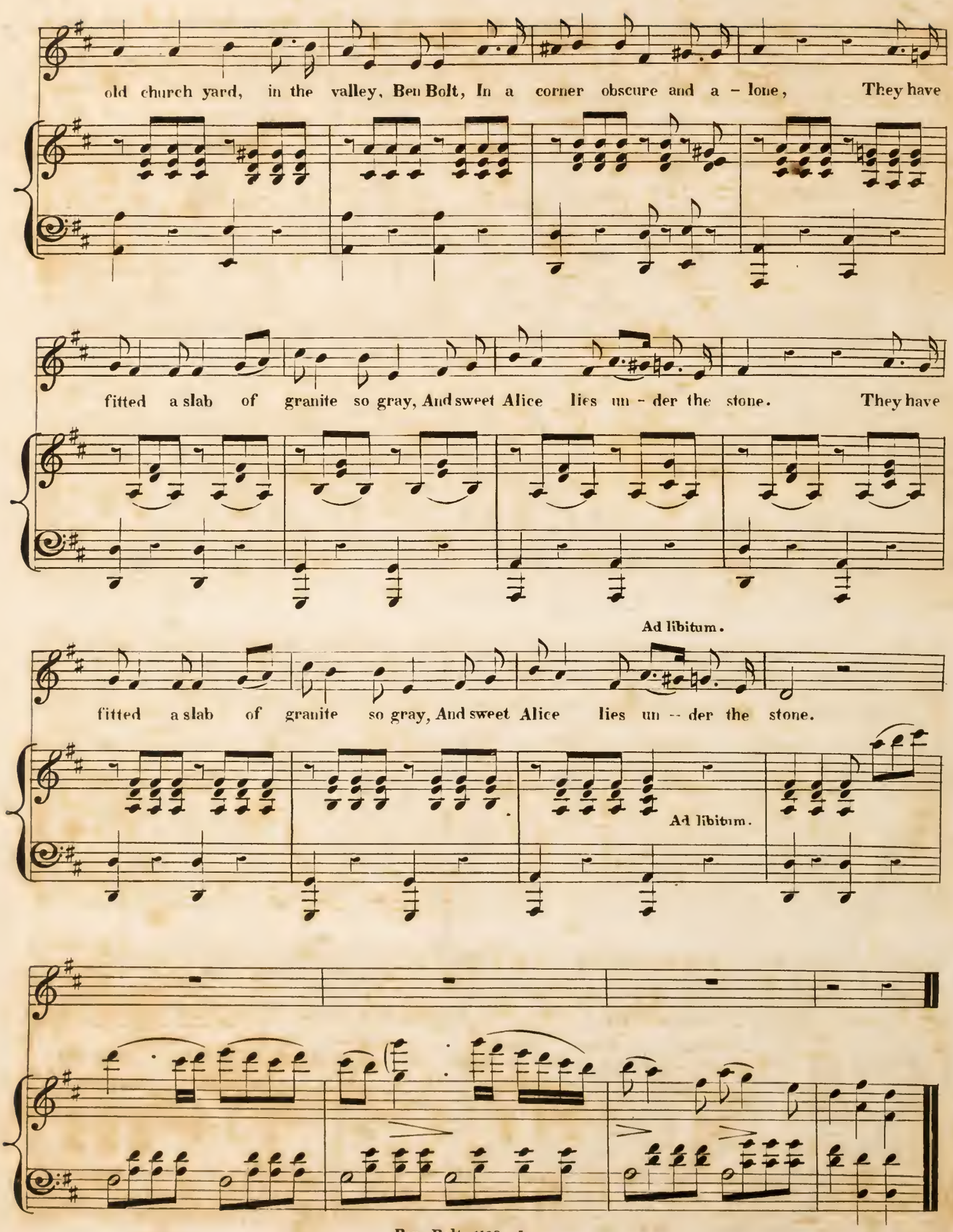
old church yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt, In a corner obscure and a - lone, They have
fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un - der the stone. They have
Ad libitum.
fitted a slab of granite so gray, And sweet Alice lies un -- der the stone.
Ad libitum.

3d ver: Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt, And the Mas - ter so kind and so
2d ver: Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt, Near the green sunny slope of the
true, And the lit - tle nook by the clear running brook, Where we
hill; Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading shade, And kept
gath - er'd the flow'rs as they grew. On the Mas - - - ter's grave grows the
time to the click of the mill: The mill has gone to de -
grass, Ben Bolt, And the running lit-tle brook is now dry; And of
- cay, Ben Bolt, And a qui -- et now reigns all a - round, See the

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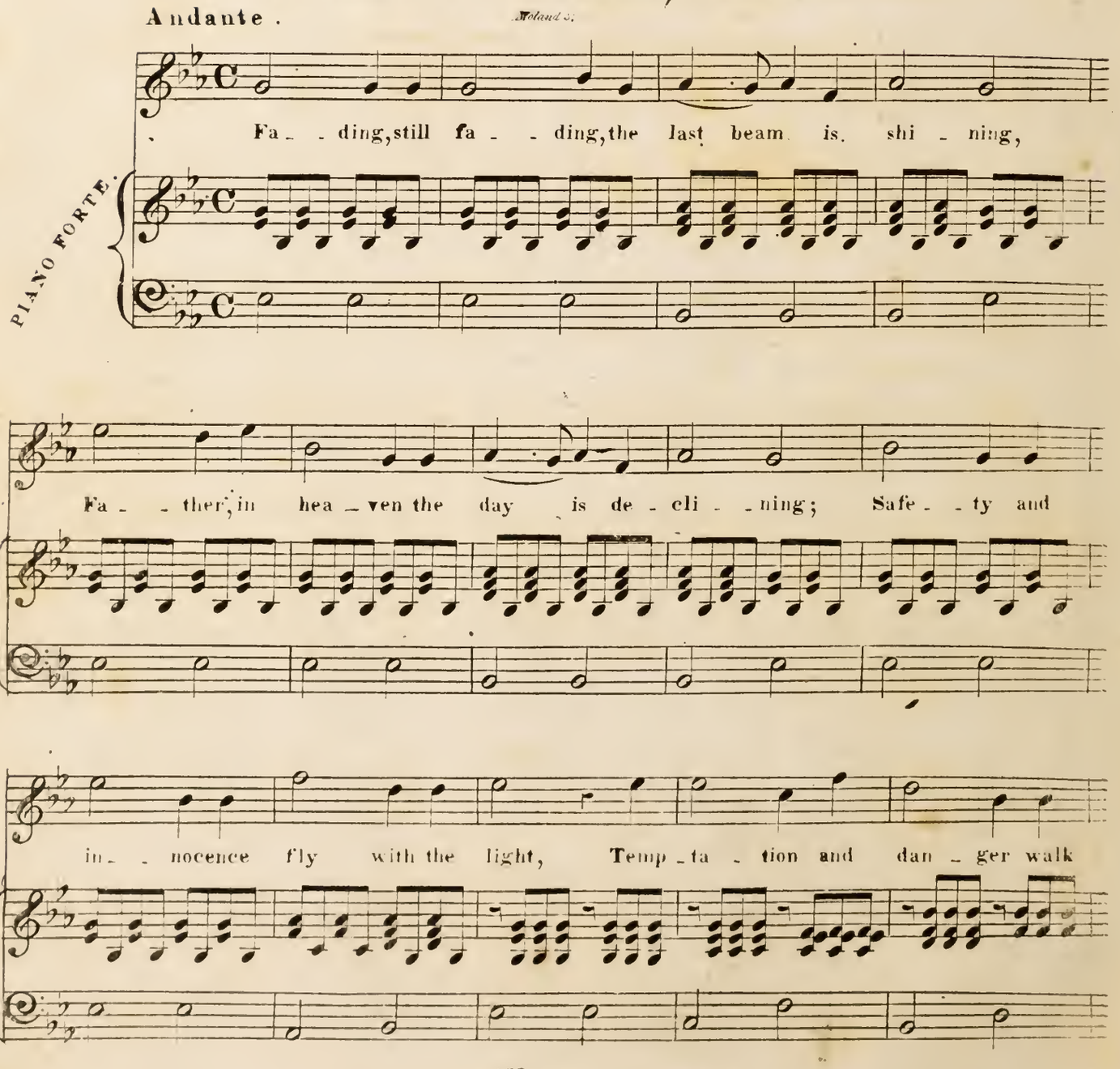

2nd. VERSE.

Father in heaven, Oh! hear when we call.
Hear for Christ's sake who is Saviour of all,
Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the nigt taper burns,
And wake in thy arms when the morning returns.
Father have mercy &c.

The last beam is shining

AN

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2

Father in heaven, Oh! hear when we call,
Hear for Christ's sake who is Saviour of all,
Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
And wake in thy arms when the morning returns.
Father have mercy &c, &c.

GENTLY, LORD, O GENTLY LEAD US.

HYMN.

Adapted to the Air of Absence, by T. Carr.

Blake, Publisher Philadª

2

Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within;
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from ev'ry sin.
|: Therefore praise him :|,
Praise the great Redeemers name.

3

Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou treadst the thorny road,
His right hand shall still defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God.
|: Therefore praise him; |
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

2

When the Sabbath morning breaks,
Ev'ry eye from slumber wakes,
What so happy Children makes?
'Tis the SABBATH SCHOOL.

3

Where do pious Teachers stay,
From their peaceful homes away,
On the precious Sabbath day?
In the SABBATH SCHOOL.

4

Where are we so kindly taught,
God should rule in ev'ry thought,
What the blood of Christ has bought?
In the SABBATH SCHOOL.

5

May we ever love this day,
May we learn Salvation's way;
Love to read and sing and pray,
In the SABBATH SCHOOL.

Mrs Harrall
with the comps of J.P.O.

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soave.

rall:

Home a-gain. Home a-gain, from a foreign shore, And oh! it fills my soul with

dim.

joy, To meet my friends once more; Here I drop'd the part-ing tear, To

cross the ocean's foam, But now I'm once again with those, Who kind-ly greet me home;

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dim.

meet my friends once more.

rall:

Hap-py hearts, Hap-py hearts, With mine have laugh'd in glee; But oh! the friends I lov'd in youth, Seem

hap-pier to me; And if my guide should be the fate, Which bids me longer roam; But

3

Music sweet, Music soft,
Lingers round the place,
And oh; I feel the childhood charm,
That time cannot efface,
Then give me but my homestead roof,
I'll ask no palace dome;
For I can live a happy life,
With those I love at home,

269

WOODMAN! SPARE THAT TREE!

A BALLAD

Lith^o of Endicott NY

THE WORDS COPIED FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR, WRITTEN BY

GEORGE P. MORRIS,

BY WHOM THIS SONG IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

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THE MUSIC BY

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Music by Henry Russell.

Andante.

With much feeling and Expression

Quasi legato.

Con espress.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1837 by Firth & Hall, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of N. Y.

272

4

Woòd---man spare that tree! Touch not a sin---gle

bough; In youth it shelterd me, And

I'll protect it now; 'Twas my fore fa---ther's

hand That placed it near his cot, There,

wood - - - - man, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it

give this foolish turn - - - - but Let That old oak

not!

stand

6

That old fami---liar tree, Whose glo---ry and re----
my heart strings round the cling--- close as thy bark old

nown Are spread o'er land and sea, And
friend Lere--- shall the Wild bird sing and

Con anima.

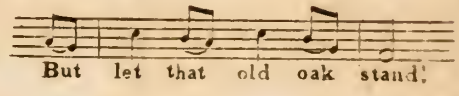
wouldst thou hack it down? Wood-man, for-bear thy
Still thy branches bend Old tree the storm still

stroke! Cut not its earth, bound ties; Oh!
brave and Wood man leave the spot while

Woodman spare . s. .

3

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kiss'd me here;
My father press'd my hand_.
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!



4

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

Come ye disconsolate:

A SACRED SONG

Arranged and Dedicated to

Mr. George Dutton Jr.

By

D. DUTTON.

Philadª Published by G.E.Blake, 13 south Fifth street.

Largo
Affettuoso.

Come ye dis-consolate, where e'er ye languish,

rall dim:

Come at the mercy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel. Here bring your wounded hearts,

ten:

2d Stanza.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying
"Earth hath no sorrow that Heav'n cannot cure".

Additional Hymn.

Father of mercies, when the day is dawning
Then will I pay my vows to thee;
Like incense wafted on the breath of morning
My heart-felt praise to thee shall be.

Yes, thou art near me sleeping or waking,
Still doth thy love unchang'd remain,
Where'er I wander, thy ways forsaking,
O lead me gently back again.

(Come ye disconsolate)

Hark! the Vesper Hymn is Stealing,

A Popular Russian Air, from

MOORE'S NATIONAL MELODIES,

Arranged by

No 17. *Sir John Stevenson Mus: Doc:*

Philadelphia Published by G. E. Blake.

In Moderate Time.

TREBLE

First Verse..... Hark! the ves=per hymn is stealing O'er the wa=ters soft and clear;

Second Verse..... Now, like moonlight waves retreat=ing To the shore, it dies along;

TREBLE. Near=er yet and near=er pealing, Now it bursts up=on the ear. Ju=bi=la=te

Now, like angry surges meeting, Breaks the mingled tide of song.

COUNTER. Ju = bi = la = te A = men A = men. Ju=bi=la=te

TENOR. Ju = bi = la = te A = men A = men. Ju=bi=la=te

BASS. Ju = bi = la = te A = men A = men. Ju=bi=la=te

PIANO FORTE.

* This passage is added to the original Air by Sir John Stevenson.

From Greenland's icy Mountains,

A MISSIONARY HYMN,

By the late **Bishop Heber** *of Calcutta,*

Composed & Dedicated to

Miss Mary W. Howard

of Savannah, Georgia

By

Lowell Mason.

Philada. Published by G.E.Blake, 13 South Fifth Street.

2.

What tho' the spicy breezes, blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Tho' ev'ry prospect pleases, and only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness, the gifts of God are thrown,
The heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone.

3.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted by wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation! the joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation has learnt Messiah's name.

4.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, and you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory, it spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature, the lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator, in bliss returns to reign.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY,

(THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH BED.)

Composed and respectfully dedicated

— to the —

REV. FREDERICK T. GRAY,

— BY —

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

Price 25

BOSTON

PARKER & DITSON.

Thayer's Lithog' Boston

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1844 by C. Breed in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY,

Composed and Arranged for Four Voices

With an accompniment for the

Piano Forte

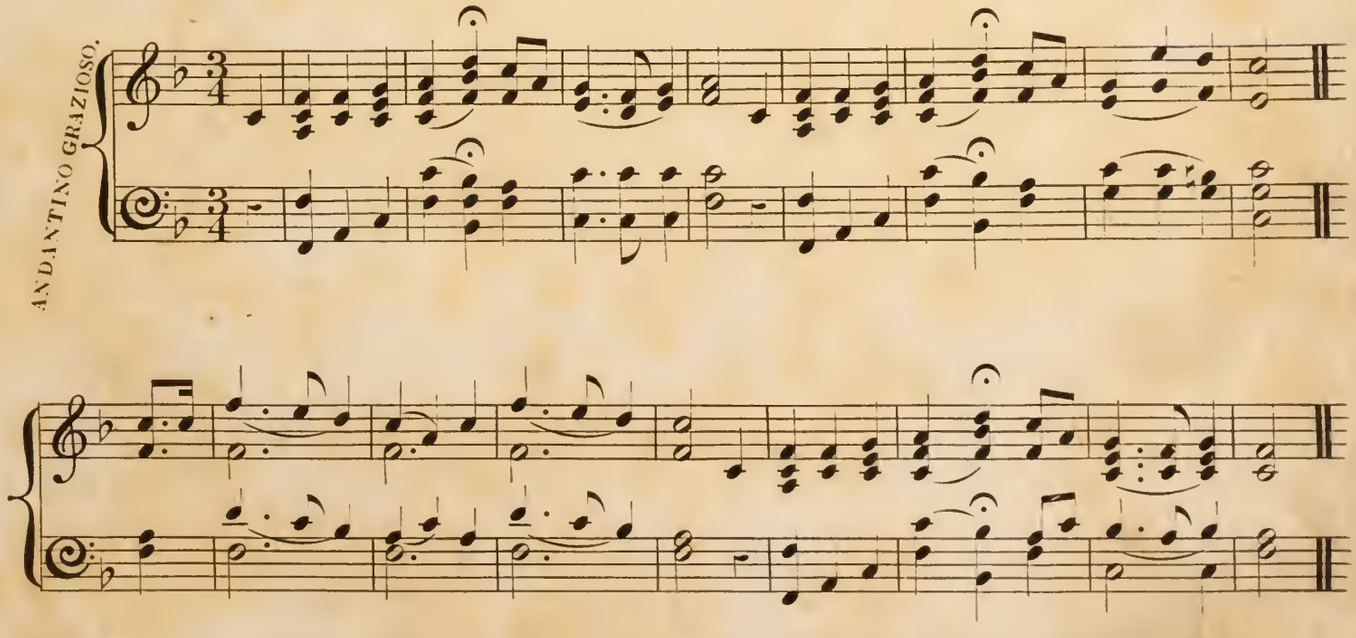
And respectfully dedicated to the

REV. FREDERICK T. GRAY

By

GEO. KINGSLEY.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE Washington Street.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1834, by G. Kingsley, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Tenor.

* I would not live alway, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

2d. Treb:

I would not live alway, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

1st. Treb:

I would not live alway, I ask not to stay Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

Bass.

PIANO FORTE.

Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

The few lucid moments that dawn on us here, Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

* With Alterations.

✻ Original.

✻ I would not live alway, I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
I would not live alway, no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

Watchman! tell us of the Night

A Missionary or Christmas Hymn by

BOWRING

Sung at the Monthly Concert Park St. Church Boston

Music by

LOWELL MASON.

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE Washington Street.

ANDANTE.

1st Voice.

2d Voice.

Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; Trav'ller! o'er yon mountain's

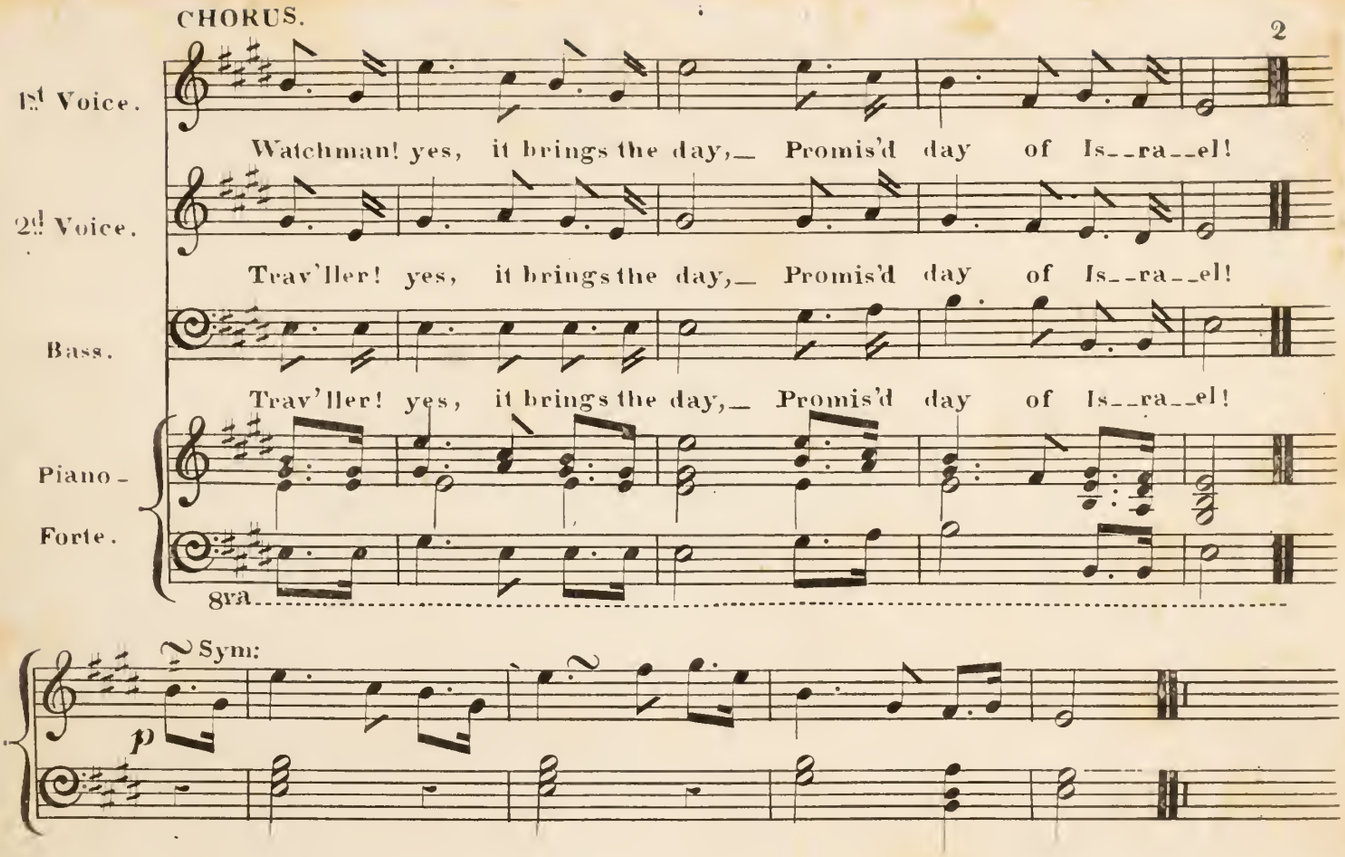
1st Voice.

height, See that glo___ry beaming star! Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of

2d Voice.

hope or joy foretel? Trav'ller! yes: it brings the day, Promis'd day of Is_ra_el!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1830, by C. Bradlee, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.



2.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends:
Trav'ller! blessedness and light
Peace and truth, its course portends,
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller! ages are its own,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3.

Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn:
Trav'ller! darknes takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn,
Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Trav'ller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.